AR. WILLIAM

By G. W. Ogden

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To designate Smith from Smith, both being named William, the people of Tow Hend Junction resorted to the primitive expedient of rechristening them according to their distinct physical characteristics. William Smith, the widower, was tall, so they gave him the name of Shanghai; William Smith. the bachelor, was short, and for twenty years they had spoken to and of him as Bunty. Neither enjoyed a middle name, and neither was resourceful enough to supply a distinguishing initial. The postmaster at Tow Head Junction never knew whether a letter was for Shanghai or for Bunty. He could generally place postal cards in

the proper box by studying their con-

Bunty, by reason of lack of experience, bad matrimonial aspirations. Shanghai, who lived at the other end of the village street, was resting in full enjoyment of the respite death had given him from a somewhat overstrennous term in the yoke. When he tired of his own cooking, he went and stayed with his married daughter a week. Bunty had been seriously considering the Widow Dunnigen for three years. He had gone over the ground and knew she was roady to become a member of his household upon invitation. Just as he had made up his mind to make his formal proposal he received a matrimonial paper through the mail. At least he got it out of the post office, and it was addressed to William Smith. The sender may have intended it for Shang-

That paper opened a new perspective to Bunty. He never dreamed that the matrimonial market offered such possibilities. It became plain to him that he had been fooling away his time with the Widow Dunnigen, faded, somewhat wrinkled and owning but twenty-five acres of bottom land. Here were lalies-the paper spoke of them always as "ladies"-who appeared willing to marry anybody, and some of them had \$25,000 in cash. Bunty opened correspondence. To make sure his letters would not fall into the hands of Shanghai, he directed the ladies to address them thus: "William (Bunty) Smith."

William (Burty) Smith soon began to

receive no fewer than two letters from each mail. The superscription was so anmistakably feminine that the postmaster mentioned it to the loungers. They twitted Bunty and told him he would prejudice his chances with the Widow Dunnigen if he persisted in his trifling with ladies' hearts by mail. Bunty laughed. He could marry the Widow Duningen any day, he thought, What he was after was bigger fish. He finally sifted the choice down to two. According to their uncontroverted statements one was a widow with \$12,-200 in mining stock, the other a maiden lady of means. Her mysterious reserve on the question of means led Bunty to believe she must at least own a bank. possibly a railroad. To these ladies he sent his photograph, taken ten years previously, when he attended the Grand Army encampment. He also gave them to understand that he was able to support a wife as a wife should be supported and that he did not so

and a face free from wrinkles. Bunty made progress. He arranged with the two women to meet him on a certain day in the city, twenty miles from Tow Head Junction, one at the union station at one hour, the other at the post office at another. One was to wear a pink, the other a white rose. Bunty marked himself apart from all mankind by tying a red ribbón in his lapel buttonhole. He did net go to the post office that morning, but took the 9:10 train for the city. When Shanghal went after his mail the postmaster banded him a letter, "Ain't for Bunty, I reckon," he said, "as it's addressed jist William." Shanghai opened the letter and read:

much value means as a faithful beart

Dear William-Looking at the map, I see Tow-Head Junction is very near the city. I find the first train from the city reaches Tow Head Junction fifteen minutes before the train you will leave on gets there, so I have decided to go to Tow Head. Meet me on the station plat-form. I will wear a pink. CAROLINE.

"Must be for Bunty," Shanghai reflected as he set out to look him up. Jim Daniels said he saw Bunty at the depot and that he heard him ask for a ticket to the city. Before Shanghal got there the 9:10 came, but the train from the city had not arrived. At the depot they said it was thirty minutes late.

Bunty was to meet Caroline at the union station in the city at 10 o'clock. Caroline was the majden lady with means. He had named I o'clock as the hour for seeing the widew who held the mining stock at the post office. The widow also consulted time tables and maps, She found that she could get a train to Tow Head Junction that would put her down there at 8:55 and that she could return to the city at noon. She decided to run out and look the place ever. So when the train from the city which should have arrived at Tow Head before Bunty left stopped two women got off. One wore a pink pinned to her bosom, the other a white rose. The one adorned by the rose was fat, short, broad faced and masculine.

The fall woman scanned the men on the station platform. There was not a gleam of red ribbon on any of them.

"Is Mr. William Smith here?" she

tweet her feet, critically surveying the peaceful. dusty landscape whereon Tow Head was a dot, heard the query and answer. She picked up her grip and headed for Shunghai. The tall one reached him first. "Is this Mr. William Smith?" she

Shanghai bowed. "That's my name." he replied.

"Well," said the tall one, "I am Caro-

The fat one approached. "Is this Smith-William Smith?" was her stern

"The same, madam," Shanghai answered, somewhat confused at the at-

"I am Maudie," she explained.

Light dawned on Shanghai, "Ladies," said he, "I am William Smith, but not your William. He is known as Bunty. I am Shanghai."

Confusion followed. The women accused each other of treachery and Shanghai of deceit. They drew a

"If you will walk up the road with me, I may be able to explain," Shanghai suggested. They went. Half an bour later the fat one returned. She told the agent she had been tricked and deceived by William, otherwise Bunty, Smith and that she would not live in a hole like Tow Head for all the Smiths in the world. Shanghai and the tall one came along later. They all took the 11:05 train for the city.

Bunty kept his tryst faithfully and returned, downcast and disappointed, to Tow Head on the 6:15. He did not see Shanghai and his female companion until they stepped from the train at home. Then Shanghai took a letter from his pocket and handed it to Bunty. "She forgot to put the Bunty on the envelope this time," he said, "an'

she's my wife." Bunty looked at the letter. "Car'line," said he. Then he studied Caroline's face. "Well, Shanghai," he said,

so she found me 'stead o' you. Now

'you're welcome to her.' Bunty called on the Widow Dunnigen early that evening. He sighed contentedly as he settled down in a rocker on her front porch. How much better were the simple pleasures of life, after all, than the race for conquest and riches!

Betty," he remarked conclusively. Betty laughed. "You're too late, Bunty," she said. "I promised Jake Laster two weeks ago while you was a-courtin them other women by mail."

Plenty to Talk About.

High up on the side of Cumberland mountain a traveler found a cabin in such a lonely place that he wondered how the old mountaineer and his wife entertained each other.

"Do you and your wife see many people here?" "Scarcely ever see anybody, suh,"

was his reply. "Then you have to depend entirely

upon yourselves for society?" "That's it, suh." .

"And what do you find to talk about?" the visitor continued, having noticed that neither was inclined to "What do we find, Martha?" he ap-

pealed to her. "Heaps, I reckon," she said. "When breakfast is ready in the morning I says to you to sot down to co'n coffee and hoecake."

"When it's noon and you are hanging about I says that hoecake and co'n coffee is ready."

"And when it's candlelight I sort of jerks my head, and you hitches up to sorghum and hoecake and wants to know why we don't have bacon. Ain't that talk enough, stranger?"

"But there are the evenings," said

"Yes, thar's the evenings, of co'se, and I says I reckon it will be a fine day tomorrer, and Jeb he reckons the same thing, and we wind up the clock and go to bed. Oh, I don't reckon we are suffering to death for the want of somebody to gab to."-Cleveland Plain

Cause For Thanks.

When Colonel "Joe" Rickey was quite young man he had occasion to employ a lawyer to collect a bill against a business man with whom he had had a number of dealings. As he had never before retained counsel he went to the lawyer his father had always employed and placed the claim in his hands. The lawyer collected the amount, \$276, and notified young Rickey to call for the money. In due time he called, and, after waiting for some time. shown into the private office.

"Good morning, Joseph," said the lawyer. "I'm glad to see you are so prompt in attending to business. I have your money for you."

Then ensued a general conversation for a few minutes, in which the lawyer said among other things: "Joseph, knew your father well and for many years, and I knew your grandfather well and for almost as many years.

They were fine men. "Yes, sir," replied Rickey, "but as I am in a hurry, sir, I would like to get

"All right; Joseph. I will charge you leven money. I will take \$200, for my fee, and give you the \$76," said the lawyer as he handled the money over. "Very well, sir," said Rickey, "and I am thankful you did not knew my great-grandfather too."

The Gentleman.

The gentleman is a man of truth, lord of his own actions and expressing asked the agent.

"That tail gentleman over there," be answered, pointing out Shanghal, who, having missed Bunty, had forgotten the letter and Caroline. The fat woman, who was standing near, with hands on her hips and a raise be-

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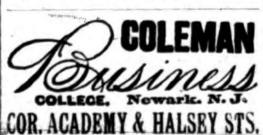
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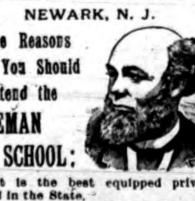
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